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Book and Job Printing

Executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

There is in the lone, lone sea;
A spot unmarked, but holy;
For there the gallant and the free
In his ocean bed lie lowly.
Down, down, beneath the deep,
That oft in triumph bore him,
He sleeps a soft and peaceful sleep,
With the salt waves dashing o'er him.
He sleeps serene and safe
From tempest and from willow,
When storms, that high above him chafe,
Scarcely rock his peaceful pillow;
The sea and him in death
They did not dare to sever—
It was his home when he had breath,
'Tis now his home for ever.

SONNET.

There is no remedy for time mispent;
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment,
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
Oh, hours of indolence and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less
Because I know this life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given;
Man should be ever better than he seems,
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
To walk adorning earth, with hope of heaven.

POPULAR TALES.

From the N. Y. True Sun.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

A SKETCH FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MRS. E. S. SMITH.

Early one winter morning a young man was seen walking carelessly to and fro on the Place du Louvre. By many peculiarities in his manner and appearance, it was easy to discover that he was a stranger. He was awaiting with anxiety the moment when he might enter the palace, but his anxiety arose less from a desire to behold the pictures, than a wish to escape the cold, which was severe, and which now almost benumbed his shivering and thinly-clad form. Without an asylum—without resources—robbed the previous evening, in a crowd, of the little purse that contained all his slender fortune, he had been compelled to pass the night on the stone steps of a neighboring hotel. That night was cold and seemingly endless. Joyfully he hailed the dawn, and joyfully he greeted the moment when the doors of the Louvre were opened. He entered immediately, and, after presenting to the royal concierge a card, bearing the name of Frederick, proceeded with rapid steps to the gallery of paintings.

His first glance was directed to the picture which he had placed there for exhibition. It was a work which had long been the object of his fondest hope and unwearied toil—a work for whose completion he had unhesitatingly sacrificed all his resources. When it was at length finished; when, after many months of ceaseless toil and study, he had transferred to the brilliant ideas which had illumined his youthful imagination, his art satisfied him no longer. He wanted glory. He thought of Paris and its celebrated exhibition. To display his picture there was the fondest desire of his soul, and this desire was at length gratified at the price of many sacrifices. The last was the sale of a few jewels, the only inheritance he had received from his poor departed mother. Then picking up his picture, and slinging it over his shoulder, he set out, alone, and on foot, without a friend to conduct him on the way, or a kindly voice to murmur "adieu."

He left, in the city from whence he departed, a young and beautiful girl, whose smiling features he had many times transferred to the canvass, and whose buoyant steps he had often followed with the most respectful devotion. But never had he ventured to address her, for she was far above him in rank, and the poor, unknown artist believed it necessary to earn fame and fortune ere he could hope for the smiles of the high-born and beautiful Marie.

This was the reason why he had signed for glory, and summoned resolution to seek it at almost any cost. For this he had toiled over his picture; for this he had left his father-land and repaired to Paris. And now he found himself among strangers, without money, without a shelter, and without bread.

Whilst he remained in the gallery sadly musing on the events of his past life, or thinking despondingly of the future, a crowd began gradually to fill the saloon, and the people gathered in groups before the "Rachel" of Leekmann, "The Fighting Bulls" of Bracassat, or the sometimes grave, sometimes gay pictures of Baud. At this time the young artist hastened from the room, for he feared that the scorn of the visitors for his production, or their severe criticisms upon it, would destroy his last and dearest consolation—the frail belief in his talent—and he felt that the

loss of this belief would be more terrible than death. He sought refuge in the Gallery of Antiquities. There, overcome by the fatigue and cold he had endured the preceding night, and exhausted by hunger and anxiety, he sunk upon the first resting place he found. This was a bench placed near a glass case which contained Egyptian Antiquities. Whilst seated there, and gazing abstractedly at the curious objects around him, his head gradually sunk upon his breast, and he fell into an uneasy kind of slumber. The measured steps of a watchman who paced slowly through the vast apartment, echoed solemnly around, and mingled with the sleeper's troubled dreams.

The artist had unknowingly rested his arm on the glass case behind him. Suddenly it yielded and broke under the weight that pressed it. Imagining the feelings of the poor youth when, awaking with a start of surprise, he became conscious of what had happened.

"The sentry will discover this ruin and demand the price of the broken glass. He will detain me if I attempt to escape, and, alas! I have not even the small sum necessary to pay for the damage I have done. What shall I do? What will be the consequences of this unlooked for misfortune?"

Whilst these thoughts passed through his mind, the youth feigned sleep, and dared not withdraw his arm, although a bit of glass, or some other object, pricked his elbow, and caused him considerable pain. "If some miracle does not extricate me from this unpleasant difficulty," thought he, "I am undone. Oh! that I possessed some talisman that would give me power to remove this formidable sentry from his post, until I had time to escape!"

Scarcely had he formed this desire when the footsteps of the watchman grew fainter, and then died away in the distance. The artist opened his eyes, and with unspeakable pleasure he found himself alone. To leap up, dart rapidly from the room, and mingle with the crowd, was but the work of a moment. Then, quite surprised at his good fortune, and breathless from the effects of his hasty flight, he paused to compose his thoughts. What was his joy, on looking around, to behold a great crowd collected before his picture.

"Can it be," thought he, "that the misfortune which has so long pursued me are about to cease? Can it be that some of these people are going to purchase my picture? No; it is folly to think so. Because I have had the good fortune to escape from one unpleasant situation, I surely need not hope to extricate myself from all. Alas! I have not a talisman; without that—"

He was interrupted in these thoughts by two persons advancing from the group and approaching the place where he stood. One was a dignified looking old man, and the other a young gentleman well known for his immense fortune and his passionate love for the arts.

"Charles," said the elder of the two, "let me purchase this picture. You owe me this proof of affection. I have but a short time longer to live, and you are my only heir. Allow me, then, to enjoy this wondrous work of art."

"Well, I yield it to you," replied the young man, "on condition that the artist's next work shall be for me."

Frederick heard this conversation, and fancied himself in a dream; but he was soon assured of the truth of what he had heard when the speakers came smilingly forward and addressed him.

"You will pardon me, monsieur," said the young man, "for speaking of business in this place; but my uncle, the Prince de * * *, earnestly desires an introduction to you, and wishes to become the purchaser of your picture."

"Yes, sir," said the Prince, "and I pray you to receive immediately the price of your work. At the same time he presented the artist with the money, and added, "I desire another picture of the same dimensions."

"And I two others, similar to this," said the young man; "and, in order that I may consider your earliest services engaged, permit me to hand you the price of those pictures."

"It will afford us much pleasure," said the Prince, "if you will come and dine with us to-day. You will meet a number of your countrymen at my house. Here is my address. Adieu until this evening."

The two gentlemen then departed, and Frederick remained, overwhelmed with astonishment, on the spot where they had left him. He held in hand thirty thousand francs in bank notes.

"It is a dream," said he, "or I have become insane!" The movement of his arm which accompanied this exclamation caused something to fall at his feet. This proved to be two bits of glass, which had stuck to his elbow, and an antique Egyptian ring. The youth, after picking up the ring and examining it attentively, determined at first, quite naturally, to restore it to the case whence he had so unconsciously taken it; and he was already directing his steps towards the hall of antiquities for that purpose, when his attention was attracted by a group of young ladies assembled before one of the pictures. This sight caused his heart to bound, and his thoughts to take quite a different direction; for, in the form of one of the ladies whose back was towards him, he discovered a resemblance to his long loved and beautiful Marie. He stood hesitating to the spot, gazing eagerly at the figure, which he feared would prove some unreal apparition, and vanish from his eyes. The young girl suddenly turned towards him. Oh, happy surprise, it was indeed Marie! With feelings of indescribable delight and astonishment, the artist advanced to address her. She received his greeting with a smile of unmingled pleasure.

The young lady was accompanied by her mother,

This wealthy Baroness, who had formerly treated the youth with indifference and inattention, now graciously advanced, and was the first to speak.

"Health and happiness to you, Monsieur Frederick. Will you permit a countrywoman to congratulate you upon the brilliant reputation you have gained at this exhibition, and the glory you have reflected upon Germany, our own blest and beautiful country? Believe me, my dear young artist, it was with tears of joy and pride that I gazed for the first time upon your admirable picture."

Saying this, the Baroness extended her hand, and warmly pressed that of the bewildered youth. Then Marie also drew nearer, and spoke a few words, in a sweet low voice, turning her tearful eyes admiringly upon the picture. And when Frederick ventured to request it, she passed her arm confidently through his, and walked proudly through the crowd, who turned to gaze upon the artist, and to murmur, in subdued tones of admiration, his honored name.

Agitated and overcome by the multitude of new emotions that thrilled his soul, Frederick began to entertain strange thoughts respecting the sudden change in his fortunes, and the many blessings that had been showered upon him for the last two hours. Educated in the school of Hoffman, and superstitious, as all young imaginative Germans are, he could not attribute his good fortune to any thing but enchantment. Now, as this good fortune had commenced at the moment when he had, in so singular a manner, come into possession of the Egyptian ring, a whimsical thought entered his mind, and awakened the belief that this ring possessed mysterious and magic properties. Once under the influence of this delusion, every thing seemed explained—every thing appeared probable. At that moment, he would not have resigned the artistic relic for all the treasures of the world; for it was, in his estimation, the talisman of his happiness.

When the German ladies took leave of the young artist, they warmly pressed him to come and see them, and appointed the next morning for the time of his visit. Despite this pleasant anticipation, he saw them depart with feelings of deep regret.

The remainder of the day he devoted to the necessary preparations for the evening; and during his drive to the different shops which he had to visit for that purpose, he was constantly revolving in his mind, the idea whether his ring was or was not a veritable talisman. He finally concluded, that, if it was the instrument of his happiness, and had power to gratify his wishes, it would certainly realize the one then uppermost in his mind—that of seeing Marie again that evening at the dwelling of the Prince.

He had little hope that this test of the talismanic properties of his ring would prove satisfactory; but, in the fond wish that it might, he took good care to make his toilet in the most elegant manner. When he left the fashionable hotel in which he had taken lodgings, few would have recognized the needy-looking young man of the morning in the beautiful youth, whose fine form was now splendidly attired, and whose face was now radiant with smiles of joy.

When he entered the Prince's saloon, he was received with the most gratifying attention. Warm welcomes and friendly congratulations greeted him from every side, but he remained for a few moments silent and overcome with surprise; for he beheld, not only his Marie, but another friend, whom he, till that instant, believed far distant in his father land. This friend was a learned antiquarian, named Fritz Mayer. He was dear to Frederick, for he had been the companion of his childhood—the confidant of his love for Marie—the sharer of his hopes and fears. After a fond salutation, the two friends retired to the embrasure of a window, that they might speak more freely.

"Thou hast then become a painter, Frederick," said Fritz Mayer; "thou wilt be rich and respected; thou wilt be blessed with the gratification of thy fondest desires; for, at any time you name, you can wed her whom you have so long and devotedly loved. I have told the Baroness of your affection, and the good lady weeps with joy whilst hearing the joyful news. 'Frederick my son!' said she—'Frederick the husband of my Marie! Ah, it is a blessing for which I shall long thank Heaven. Never have I dared to ask for my beloved child a lot so glorious and so happy.'"

"Oh, my talisman!—my talisman!" cried the bewildered and delighted artist.

Fritz, in surprise, asked an explanation of these words; and Frederick related the history of the Egyptian ring, and the mysterious influence it had exercised over his destiny. Fritz took the ring, and examined it with a smile.

"My friend," said he, "this is an antiquity of modern manufacture. It may deceive antiquarians of superficial knowledge and easy belief; but it does not, you may be assured, possess any magic powers."

"But how can you, then, explain the supernatural happiness that has all at once changed my destiny, as if by a stroke of enchantment?"

"By another talisman," replied Fritz, "more precious than this ring. By a talisman that most men in truth possess—talent, perseverance, and genius!"

OUNCE SHOOTING IN BRAZIL.

BY BEN BENTON.

The neighborhood of one of the English establishments in Brazil had for some time been annoyed by the depredations committed by an old female ounce and her two half-grown cubs. Cattle had been destroyed by them in considerable numbers, and although they had not been

known to attack any person, the sudden disappearance of a negro, who had gone to a forest to collect wild honey, led to the surmise that he had fallen a prey to these ravenous brutes. The natives had frequently gone in large parties to kill them, but whether from cowardice, or from bad shooting, they always returned empty-handed; I therefore proposed to a friend to try our luck at them during the moonlight nights, to which he readily assented; and having fixed the day, we prepared ourselves for a task which had daunted two dozen Brazilians. Our guns were soon cleaned, powder and liquor-flasks filled, bullets cast, besides all the little et ceteras provided which are requisite for a short but dangerous campaign.

Having dined early, I laid down for a nap, in order that I should not feel sleepy during the night, and was awake at about seven o'clock in the evening with, "What! Ben, are you snoozing?" which words proceeded from the mouth of old Ned Walter (Long Coffin we used to call him) who coolly rode into my room on horseback. "Are you snoozing? Why man alive!—your horse has been standing saddled at your door for the last half hour, and the boys started with our guns and prog nearly an hour back. By Jove! if we don't hurry after them, the duce a drop of fluid shall we get, except in the shape of rain or dew, for Edorado will never carry a bottle of liquor for an hour without taking a smell at it; and should that not happen to displease him, you may be certain that he will declare that he tumbled down, broke the bottle, and spilled the liquor; so come along, my son, and leave your dogs at home, for they will only do harm."

Walter's speech soon put me on my feet, particularly as I knew that we ought to be at the place of appointment soon after seven, and we had four miles to ride. In a short time I was ready, and having stuck a brace of pistols and my long knife into my belt, and a case of cigars in my pocket, we started at hand-gallop after the servants, on the good qualities of one of whom Walter had expatiated so well. On arriving at the spot which we intended to make the field of battle, we prepared a resting-place in a neighboring tree a la Robinson Crusoe, and then examined our fire-arms. I always make a point of loading my own guns;—Walter, on the contrary, frequently allowed his Edorado to perform that task; and upon his thrusting the ramrod down the barrel of a small duck gun he had brought in case of a long shot being required, he found his faithful servant had loaded it on the true negro principle of "more fillee,—more killee," for he had put in about two ounces of powder, half a pound of buck-shots, smudgy bullets, the heads of some old nails, and three black beans, the last being for luck, as Edorado said. Having loaded the guns, we climbed up to our resting-place, and despatched the servants back with the horses, having first taken the precaution to chalk certain hieroglyphics on the saddle, to prevent the negroes from mounting them.

Knowing that our game would not make its appearance before midnight, we bit our weeds, and having fastened a jug of water in the tree, we took a glass of "cold without," and then waited patiently for the moon's rising. After killing a couple of hours, which to us appeared an eternity, we began to look out for a visit from our foes, when Walter, who could see and hear as well as any North American Indian, declared that the long grass in the distance was moved by something stirring in it. Presently I caught sight of it also, and to say the truth, my heart began to beat rather faster than usual, for I had never seen a live ounce, except in Wombell's menagerie, or in the Zoological Gardens. We were tolerably safe from any attack of the beast, by having made a species of platform of branches in the tree in which we were sitting; still I knew that one false step or rotten bough might send me head foremost into the brute's mouth. But this time my fears were vain; for, instead of an ounce issuing from the bushes, a small deer trotted up, and suddenly dashed off. We would not fire at it, as the report might have warned our anticipated foes of our presence. Another tedious hour passed, when suddenly we were startled by the yell of an enormous brute leaping from behind a bush on to the carcass of a colt which it had killed the night before, and which we had removed to the foot of our tree.

My first impulse was to fire immediately; but Walter, who understood these matters well, whispered to me to remain quiet, as the animal below us was the mother, and that her cubs would follow her quickly. These soon made their appearance; and beautiful creatures they were, perfectly resembling cats in shape and action, but standing as high as large bull-dogs. Instead of commencing to eat directly, they played with a leg of the poor colt for a little while, then frisked round their mother, and at last tumbled each other over, like a pair of kittens. Their worthy parent sat within twenty yards of us, purring in true Brothignagion style, and advancing at last cautiously to the carcass, began gnawing a hind-leg, and cracking the bones with as much ease as a cat does that of a mouse. The cubs soon followed their mamma's example, and now was the time for us to commence hostilities. If we fired at the mother, the young ones would run away, whereas, if we could kill, or disable them first, the dam, instead of deserting, they would stand by them as long as life remained in her;—Walter therefore told me to take steady aim at the cub on the left hand, and as soon as I should be ready, to give the word, and we would fire together, he being prepared for the other cub.

"Ready!" I whispered, and bang went a call from each of the guns at our victims, both of which fell, one to rise no more,—Walter's shot

having gone through his skull. The other attempted to regain his legs, but tumbled over with a cry which was answered by a roar from his mother which made the ground tremble, and in an instant she flew like a demon at our tree, when a shot from Walter's duck-gun smashed one of her paws, and she very unwillingly dropped, and, limping to her cubs, commenced licking their wounds, casting at the same time most atrocious looks at us. We now discharged our remaining two barrels at her, apparently with little effect. As one cub was dead, and the other badly wounded, we were not afraid of their leaving us; and as we knew the old one would not desert them, we began to load again. I kept the bullets for our guns in a bag in one of my pockets, and just as I was handing them over to Walter, who was in a hurry, by some mishap I dropped the bag, and there we were with plenty of powder, but no shot. What was to be done? I felt through all my pockets, in the hopes of finding a stray bullet; but, unfortunately, my clothes were all linen, and had arrived from the washerwoman's but a few hours before, and the old woman had a strange propensity to empty all pockets before she consigned the clothes to the wash-tub; my search, therefore, was fruitless. I next thought of my pistols,—we might unscrew the barrels, and take the balls out. But here again I was at fault; in the hurry of starting from home I had forgotten the key, and the things were so tight that we could not stir them; and to fire them at a distance of twenty yards would have been very foolish, particularly as it was not impossible the ounce might feel inclined to pay us a visit on our perch; and, as for descending to pick up the fallen bullets, it would have been perfect madness; for the tree was too thick for us to climb, without the help of somebody below. Besides, there sat the ounce, licking her chops and her cubs alternately.

I now made up my mind to pass the remainder of the night in the tree; and having refreshed ourselves with a draught from the flask, we determined to take it as comfortably as we could, but feared much that the old devil might carry off one of her dead cubs.

By this time the remaining cub expired; and, as soon as the last struggle was over, the mother made another spring at us. She could climb but badly, on account of her wound; still she neared us, and when within about fifteen feet from the branch on which we sat, I fired a pistol at her, which elicited a yell, but no more. She was now upon the lowest branch, and with a spring would have been upon us, when Walter, who had fastened his long knife to his gun with a handkerchief, stabbed her as she was crouching for a leap. This upset her, and she fell to the ground, much to our joy, as she was coming too near to be pleasant; but although badly wounded, she did not appear to mind it much, her attention being chiefly directed to her dead cubs, which she endeavored to drag into the bushes.

"This will never do, Ben," said Walter. "We must have 'em all three, or we shall be laughed at when we get home for dropping our shot."

In this I perfectly concurred; but where would we load our guns?

"I have it," said Walter. "Lend me your knife, and I'll soon pepper the old lady's hide. With this, he coolly cut all the metal buttons off his trousers and rammed about a dozen of them into his duck-gun."

"These will never be enough, Ben, we must have some more."

I was sorry to find that my buttons were all of bone, for which Walter cursed them, the tailor for putting them on, and for me wearing them. Notwithstanding this reproach, I discovered something that would answer very well. My powder-flask being of what is called queen's metal, I emptied the contents into my hat, and with my large knife I cut the flask into several pieces, which we hammered into tolerable shape, and with them loaded our double-barrels. I took first shot, but did no great damage. Now came Walter, with his charge of buttons, which certainly verified his prophecy, of "peppering the old lady's hide;" for she jumped and roared most desperately. We had now only three charges left, and these we poured in together, and down fell the ounce; but whether mortally wounded or not we could not say, for she endeavored to rise several times. At length all was quiet, and a thick cloud having obscured the moon, we could not distinguish her plainly enough; and, in order to be safe before descending, Walter proposed making an experiment to see if she were dead. He filled his small spirit-flask half full of powder, and making some touch-paper with some wet powder, and a strip of calico off his shirt, he lit the fuse, and threw it close to the old ounce. In less than a minute it exploded with an awful noise, a piece of flask striking the branch on which we were perched, which I considered rather sharp work for the eyes; but, as it had no effect on the "old lady," we slid down the tree, and went to examine our game knife in hand. The two cubs were perfectly dead, and the mother very soon gave her very last gasp. One of our last shots had cut a large artery or vein, and another had broken her backbone. We now made a fire, and re-loaded our guns, for fear of an attack from others, or the chance of a passing deer; but nothing came near us except a few bats.

In a couple of hours day dawned, and our servants arrived soon afterwards with our horses and some prog. Our nags were so frightened at the sight of their once so formidable foes, that we could not urge them to within twenty yards of the dead bodies; so we were soon on our backs homeward bound.

We sent a bullock-cart to fetch our game, the

three head together weighing above seven hundred pounds. The old one measured nearly eight feet from the snout to the tip of her tail, and was one of a tribe acknowledged to be the fiercest and most powerful of the once species. Walter and I tossed up for the skins, and I got the large one, which, after being tanned with the hair on, has served me for a bedside carpet. Walter converted his pair into the lining of a boating-cloak.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

The steamer Caledonia arrived at Boston on Tuesday last, having made the passage in thirteen days.

The act for the abolition of slavery in India passed the Supreme Council on the 7th April, and became a law.

ON DUTY—that Sir R. Peel has intimated to the Bishop of London, the settled determination of Government to put down the Pusey movement, and that we shall shortly hear of the superseding bishops as well as magistrates.

INSULT TO THE AMERICAN MINISTER.—When the heads of Oxford College were about to confer the degree of L. L. D. on Mr. Everett, in the theatre of the University, a number of undergraduates assailed Mr. Everett with hissing and hootings—the only motive was his being a Unitarian. The heads of the College have expressed their regret in an address to Mr. E.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.—As this affair may excite a greater disturbance in America than its merits perhaps entitle it to, it may be as well at once to explain, that the Commemoration at the University of Oxford is considered to be an occasion on which all the undergraduates, the most uproarious of the audience, are allowed to express, in any riotous way they may think fit, their opinion of the dignitaries of the place. In this instance, it seems, that, amidst the hissing pelleted at the head of the Junior Proctor, (a Christ Church man, a college famous for the unpopularity of the Proctors it nominates,) the Vice-Chancellor mistook the tokens of discontent with which the Proctor was being greeted for an insult intended to be offered to Mr. Everett.

He has signally punished the rioters. One, (a member of his own College,) he has rusticated five years; two brothers, for three; and another under graduate for one.

IRELAND.

RECEPTION OF O'CONNELL AT ENNIS. 700,000 PERSONS ASSEMBLED.—Mr. O'Connell had a demonstration at Ennis, for the county of Clare, on Thursday, the 15th ult., and the meeting is described as more numerous than any that preceded it—the numbers are stated at 700,000! including about 6,000 horsemen; the cavalcade of cars extended from Ennis to Newmarket—six miles. The preparations for his reception were most elaborate; at the entrance to the town "whole trees were planted," with triumphal arches across the road, mottoes and devices.

"The next was a chain extended across the centre of which, was joined by a cord, and on a green banner over it was inscribed:

"The Liberator of Ireland
Will cut a sower
The chain of slavery
We labor under."

Here a man had taken up his position with a sword, with which, as the Liberator approached, he cut the cord in the centre; and the chain was shattered on both sides, amid the shouts and acclamations of thousands, that rent the air for some minutes."

FREE TRADE.

I have corn, and I want pork. My neighbor has pork, and wants corn. We exchange.—This is free trade. That is the thing which the tariff advocates sneer at and ridicule. "They tell me, Mr. K. your free trade is a very bad thing for you. Do you just pay the government a third of the price of the pork you get from your neighbor L., and let him pay a third of the price of the pork you get from your neighbor L., and let him pay a third of the price of the corn he gets from you, and it will be much better for both of you!" That is the tariff policy. Which is the best for farmers? The shoemaker makes shoes for his neighbor, and takes their grain, meat, and potatoes in payment. This is free trade. Would it be better for him and his customers to make him pay the government the value of one third of all he gets in exchange for his labor? That is the tariff policy. And so it is with all other classes of society. Free trade permits every one to sell what they have for the best price they can get, and buy what they want as cheap as they can.

A farmer drives his wagon to market, gets the best price he can for his load, buys what he wants and is on his return home. It is free trade, thus far; but at the boundary of his county or town there is a little toll-house, the keeper of which makes him pay to government a sum of money equal to one third of the value of all he has in his wagon. Is this better than free trade? Would it be a good thing to have those toll-houses at the lines of all our towns, counties, and cities, to take a third of all that comes in, or its value in money, from farmers, planters, mechanics, and manufacturers, who are always carrying the products of their industry to and fro for a market? Would it be better than free trade?—*Kendall's Expositor.*

When Messrs. Henshaw and Nelson joined Mr. Tyler's Cabinet, they threw off the habiliments of democracy in a party sense, and became Tyler men, says the N. H. Patriot and State Gazette. If this be so, we suppose that Gen. Jackson "threw off the habiliments of democracy" when he asked Mr. Tyler to appoint the present U. S. Marshal of Tennessee, and when he asked him to appoint the founder of the Bay State Democrat and late editor of the Nashville Union, Maj. J. G. Harris, a foreign commercial agent. That Messrs. Henshaw and Nelson took office on their own responsibility, and that their doing so in no wise commits the democratic party to the support of Mr. Tyler, is as true as that the *ipse dixit* of no man can change their characters or their standing with their party. Mr. Henshaw, we know, goes into the Cabinet perfectly untrammelled, and in accordance with the advice of many as good democrats as live; he is pledged to but one course in relation

to the candidate for the next Presidency, and that is to abide by the decision of the democratic national convention. Hence he has compromised nothing in accepting an appointment, unsolicited, which, so far from depriving him of his 'democratic habiliments,' clothes him with increased power to subvert the great cause of true democracy, which he has advocated from his youth up. His future standing with the democratic party will depend upon the manner in which he administers the duties of his office, and not upon the fact of his holding it—he will be judged by his conduct, and the people will decide upon that, unprejudiced by the denunciations of the Washington Globe, or the few editors who subserviently follow its proscriptive and dictatorial course. *Boston Post.*

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 25, 1843.

"The great popular party is already rallied about a banner which is leading the party to its final triumph. The few that still lag will soon be rallied under its ample folds. On that banner is inscribed: FREE TRADE; LOW DUTIES; NO BARRIERS; SEPARATION FROM BANKS; ECONOMY; PROGRESS; AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE. Victory in such a cause will be great and glorious; and if its principles be faithfully and firmly adhered to, after it is achieved, much will it redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country."—*Calhoun.*

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

JOHN C. CALHOUN,

Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

Democratic Republican Nomination.

FOR GOVERNOR.

HUGH J. ANDERSON,

OF BELFAST.

Oxford County Convention.

THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the several Towns and Plantations in the County of Oxford, and also the Towns and Plantations composing Oxford Senatorial District, are requested to send Delegates to a Convention to be held at the COURT HOUSE in PARIS, on Thursday, the 10th day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M. for the purpose of selecting candidates for Senators and other County Officers to be supported at the ensuing election.

All Towns and Plantations which give fifty Democratic votes, or a less number, will send one Delegate each; over fifty and under one hundred and twenty-five, two; over one hundred and twenty-five and under two hundred and fifty, three; over two hundred and fifty and under four hundred, four; over four hundred, five Delegates each.

Per order of the County Committee.

June 16, 1843.

Fourth Congressional District Convention.

The Democratic Republicans of Lincoln County, together with that part of Oxford and Kennebec Counties, which compose the Fourth Congressional District, are requested to meet at Col. John Nash's Hotel in Lewiston, on Wednesday the sixteenth day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M. for the purpose of selecting a candidate to be supported for Representative to the next Congress, and act upon any business in relation to future Conventions that may come before them, in accordance with the vote passed at a meeting of the Democratic Delegation of the 4th Congressional District, held at the State House on the 23d day of March last. The following is to be the basis of representation at said Convention.

All towns and regularly organized plantations that cast at the annual election of Governor in 1841, one hundred and twenty-five Democratic votes, or less, will send one delegate each—towns that cast more than one hundred and twenty-five Democratic votes and less than two hundred and seventy-five, will send two delegates; over two hundred and seventy-five and not exceeding four hundred and fifty, three—over four hundred and fifty, and not exceeding six hundred, four—over six hundred, five—Plantations organized for the purpose of voting, and not for taxation, are not entitled to separate representation.

JOSHUA PATTERSON,
HIRAM CHAPMAN,
NOAH PRINCE,
THOMAS J. COX,
District Committee.

June 17th, 1843.

First Congressional District Convention.

The Democratic Republicans of York County together with the Western part of Oxford County, which compose the First Congressional District, are requested to meet by their delegates, at Cole's Tavern, in Limerick, on WEDNESDAY, the Second day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M. to agree upon the mode to be pursued in nominating Candidates for members of Congress from this Congressional District, during its continuance, and then to proceed to nominate a candidate to be supported for Representative to the next Congress in the manner so agreed upon.

The following is to be the basis of representation: All towns having a population of less than 1100 will send one delegate. All towns having 1100 and upwards, will send two delegates—in accordance with the vote passed at a meeting of the Democratic Delegates of the First Congressional District, held at the State House in Augusta, on the 22nd of March last.

Per Order. FREDERIC A. WOOD, Secretary

of the meeting composed of the delegation from the First Congressional District, held at Augusta.

BASIS OF A TARIFF.

Mr. Calhoun, like his illustrious countrymen, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, and Andrew Jackson, is always clear and explicit in his views on all subjects, and especially so on that of the Tariff. His opinions have an identity and moral force unequalled by those of any other man. The following sentiments are true Democratic doctrines and ought to be the basis of action in regard to revenue protection and the support of Government. Should a Tariff bill be passed, carrying out the principles here laid down, it would reform an error in our revenue laws which has done much to disturb the harmony of our Republican system. We have long been satisfied that much of the law establishing a Tariff has been not only unconstitutional, but very unjust. We are satisfied that this has been the case with nearly all the Tariff laws that have been passed, not excepting the one now in operation. We would ask the simple question: Where in the United States Constitution, is to be found the right, or to what department is given, the power to tax imports for any other object than that of revenue? If such a power does not exist, Mr. Calhoun's views on the subject are the only views which take the Constitution for a guide; and, consequently, the only ones which should form the basis of Tariff laws. The following are briefly his sentiments, yet they contain much for study and reflection, especially when contrasted with a protective policy.

"Mr. CALHOUN ON PROTECTION.—In reply to a letter from R. C. Nicholas, of Louisiana, written

last April, urging upon Mr. Calhoun the necessity of protecting the sugar culture of Louisiana through the medium of the tariff, the latter gentleman says: 'I can agree to no duty but such as the revenue may require; and none so high on any article as will push it beyond the greatest amount of revenue that can be derived from the article. These are my limits within which I may act, and within them exercise a sound discretion. But in determining the amount of Revenue required, I shall expect economy and retrenchment on the part of those having the control, as far as public policy may permit, and that no part of the public revenue shall be given away.'

EQUALITY.

Equality of rights and privileges has ever been a cardinal principle with the Democratic party. It is one of those safe foundations, which, like a building based upon a rock, is sure to stand, amid all the shocks and tempests of surrounding elements. It is one of those truths which, though crushed to earth will rise again, and establish its pre-eminence in spite of pride, arrogance, or tyranny. Wherever we see a man, in his legislative or editorial capacity, or in any situation, however humble, wherever he may be, whether in this country or a foreign land—whether in a monarchy or a republic—if he is found contending manfully for equality of rights, in all his measures, we may feel assured that man is a Democrat. Let him be in whatever rank he may, whether king, priest, or duke—let him be president or peasant, if his measures and his speeches uphold equality of rights, he is a Democrat.

But on the contrary, if a man, and especially one who holds a pre-eminent station in society, stoops from his position and instead of maintaining equality, calls some classes "inferior," others "wire-pullers," &c., he has no communion, no sentiment in common with Democracy. His feelings and his principles are with that other and numerous class who like the distinctions of Aristocracy, and who are ever ready to disparage those they denominate the "inferior classes," and extol those they call the "rich" and "well-born." The recent language of a certain paper, calling some citizens "inferior classes," shows plainly a taint of Aristocracy and an innate feeling of haughty, self-conceited superiority,—a feeling entirely hostile to liberty and consistent only with the base designs of tyranny.

Who has any right, in this free and enlightened republic, to say that the friends of a particular candidate for the Presidency, (Mr. Calhoun for instance,) belong to the "inferior classes"? The friends of every Democratic candidate it will be admitted on all hands, are on an equal footing, so far as mental ability or moral honesty is concerned. They have fought many a battle together, when enemies have pressed them on every side. They have been seen shoulder to shoulder, straining every nerve to support the constitution of the country. And as a reward for this, shall a large and respectable portion of this brotherhood be stigmatized as the "inferior classes"?—and that too, by a political hack whose Democratic creed was made up from the Alien and Sedition laws of the Elder Adams? "Tell it not in Maine! We own no such Democracy. It is heresy—unadulterated heresy. The right to use such language is in perfect accordance with that of another, who said, 'disperse rebels! lay down your arms and disperse;' and is characteristic of that spirit which kissed the rod of tyranny and with ferocious appetite sought the blood of innocence.

Can any man who has any just sense of moral or political equality, call a great portion of those with whom he pretends to associate the "inferior classes" when such men as Preble, Kavanagh, Cony, Talbot, and a host of true hearted sons of freedom are found among them? What presumption! How absurd! Such language may relish with traitors and blackguards, but it has no charms for Democrats. It is undisguised Federalism, and belongs to that genus which considers that at the pronunciation of the word, "ego," or the letter "I," every "knee shall bow," and every "tongue confess."

Give us the spirit of a Washington, the soul of a Channing, who could at all times contemplate man as the image of his Maker. Give us that full appreciation of man's moral and intellectual greatness, which will cause us at all times to look upon our neighbors as on an equality with ourselves. But never let us possess that sordid, grovelling spirit which can without the least provocation, subvert the kindred feelings of society, and overlooking the great principle of Republican equality, call great masses of the sovereign people "the inferior classes." *COMM.*

MAINE AND NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Both of these States, it is said by certain over-anxious political papers, are sure for Van Buren. The truth is, the politicians in both States, and not the people, have recommended him. The State Convention of the latter State, spoke favorably of all the candidates, but recommended no one in particular. The legislative caucus, as might be expected, recommended Mr. Van Buren. The State Convention of Maine recommended Mr. Van Buren, but the people, from all appearances, will reverse that recommendation. Every day adds strength to Mr. Calhoun.

LINCOLN COUNTY DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Democratic Republicans of Lincoln County met at the Court House in Wiscasset, on the 6th inst., for the purpose of nominating Senators and County Commissioner and County Treasurer. Gen. Joseph Sewall was called to the chair. James O. L. Foster and Charles Samson, Jr., were elected Secretaries. The Convention was very fully attended and the business was done speedily and harmoniously.

The following were the resolutions passed on the occasion:—

"Resolved, Resolved that the time has arrived, which calls imperatively on all the friends of Democracy, to buckle on their armor for the contest, and not suffer by a defeat the great principles, for which we have been contending, to be pitched down by a monied oligarchy.

"Resolved, That to be Freemen, we must labor not only at the polls, but at our homes, among our neighbors, our townsmen and our countrymen; not to shut out, but to open the light of day on the minds of all—to disseminate truth, religious, moral and political, content when we have done our duty, leaving the result to Providence.

"Resolved, That as friends to the continuance of a free government, we rejoice in the rapid growth of the pure principles of Democracy, and in the growing prevalence of opinions tending to restrict and control the issues of Bank Paper.

"Resolved, That it is by industry and economy alone, that a community or an individual can free themselves from onerous debt—and that the assumption of State debts, by the general government, in whatever form brought forward, or however cloaked up is anti-republican, unjust to the prudent members of the confederacy, and must be eschewed by every man of sound political or moral views, whether found in the Creditor or Debtor States, as tending to encourage extravagance, and deprive the industrious portion of the community of the result of their lives of labor and economy.—That we further believe, that if carried through, a precedent would be set, which followed, as it surely would be, by like measures, would end in a total disruption of the Union, and the entire prostration of our republican government.

"Resolved, That we recognize among the cardinal principles of the Democracy, a low tariff sufficiently to supply the wants of the country, leaving no surplus for distribution, or to be expended in pampering the luxurious habits of public officers, or swelling the already overgrown wealth of heavy capitalists.

"Resolved, That frugality and economy in the administration of the government should be more strongly urged upon those, who are elected as guardians of the public treasure, and that we fully believe unless the Augean stable at Washington is soon cleaned, corruption and extravagance will have assumed such an hold in the government, that a greater River than the Alps will be required to cleanse it.

"Resolved, That the abuses in the expenses of the Army, the Navy, and the civil list of the government of the union, have been in our opinion, increasing with Herculean strides, and that to promote the true happiness of the people, a man of energy and decision of character, honesty of purpose and ability of mind, should be placed at the head of the government, who has views on this subject in consonance with ours.

"Resolved, That as Democrats, we are not wedded to men but to principles; that our public officers are but agents of the people, employed and paid by them to carry out those principles—that to the masses who support and sustain them belongs the credit, not to be mere servants who execute their will.

"Resolved, That the Democracy of the union owe it to themselves, to the patriots of the revolution who achieved their independence, to the future generations which are to succeed us in this fair inheritance, to carry out those great objects in every Republican Government, of low duties, small expenditures, the extension of equal political and civil rights to all, the preservation of the integrity of our territory, and the honor of the nation, submitting to no foreign aggressions, and unimpaired by foreign threats.

"Resolved, That this Convention regret the premature action of the State Convention recently held at Bangor, upon the Presidential question—that the early period which the friends of one of the distinguished candidates named for nomination have adopted, for committing the Democracy of Maine in his favor, whilst it has rendered no essential benefit to the gentleman so recommended, has done signal injustice to the friends of another distinguished Statesman, who is also a favorite with the Democracy of the country.

"Resolved, That the condition of the people of this State does not require long sessions of the Legislature, that the expenses of legislation is becoming a heavy burden upon the people, and that we shall consider the member of the Senate or House of Representatives who by his vote or consent shall suffer the annual sessions of the Legislature to be extended beyond sixty days to be governed more by a desired for personal emolument or honor, than by an honest devotion to the public service.

"Resolved, That in accordance with the preceding resolution, the Democracy of Lincoln County are requested to meet at Colonel John Nash's Hotel, in Lewiston, on Wednesday, the 6th day of August next, at 11 o'clock, A. M., in conjunction with delegates from that part of Oxford and Kennebec Counties which are a part of the 4th Congressional district, for the purpose of selecting a candidate to be supported for representative to the next Congress, by the Democracy of the 4th Congressional district, at the ensuing election, and to act upon any other business in relation to future Conventions that may come before them.—The Democratic vote being the basis upon which the delegates are to be chosen, and the Presidential vote in 1840 being the largest Democratic vote for the last three years, it is requested that all towns and plantations which in November, 1840, cast one hundred and twenty-five Democratic votes or less, will send one del-

egate each; towns that cast more than one hundred and twenty-five Democratic votes and less than two hundred and seventy-five, will send two delegates; over two hundred and seventy-five and not exceeding four hundred and fifty, three; over four hundred and fifty and not exceeding six hundred, four; over six hundred, five. Plantations organized only for the purpose of voting and not for taxation, are not entitled to separate representation—and the delegates, so selected, are hereby requested to insist, as a duty as well as a right, that the Convention be organized by delegates selected upon the above basis."

The resolution in regard to the State Convention, is in accordance with the views of a great portion of the Democratic party. It deprecates the pledging of this State to any one man, and especially to Mr. Van Buren, and considers the course of the Convention unjust towards the other candidates and their friends. We agree with the sentiment of this resolution, which concerns with the feeling of Hancock, Washington, and Arrows took Counties on this subject.

The last resolution requires the delegates of Lincoln County to meet in Convention, on the time and at the place appointed by the District Convention, for the purpose of nominating a representative to Congress from the 4th District, composed of Oxford, part of Kennebec and Lincoln. The basis of representation is the same as that of the District Committee, except that the vote of 1840 is taken instead of 1841.

"They" [the editors of the American and Age] "are of course canvassing for the election in the Representative districts of delegates to the National Convention who will not cast their votes for Van Buren. So the decision of the State Convention is to be reversed."—*Bangor Democrat.*

Of course the editors of the American and Age have the most perfect right, within their respective districts, to canvass for the election of delegates hostile to Mr. Van Buren. In doing so, they would violate no party usage, and overstep no rule of party discipline; and in no just sense, could such a course of conduct be considered as an attempt to "reverse the decision of the State Convention." It is not impossible that the editor of the Democrat should seriously regard it as being so.

For ourselves, although if driven to a choice to-day we should prefer Mr. Calhoun to Mr. Van Buren, we shall not aid in the election of a delegate from this District, who is committed, or wedded to Mr. Calhoun, or to any body else.—We wish one elected, who is prudent, judicious and honest; who could go into the Convention without any warmth of feeling to bias his judgment, and untrammelled by instruction; and who would there, on the spot, and in view of the evidences he might then have of the state of feeling in different sections of the country, throw his vote for such a nomination as would seem most likely to secure the harmony, efficiency, and success of the democratic party.—*Augusta Age.*

We respond to the above reply of the Age most heartily. The editor has expressed our own views precisely.—*Portland American.*

Our nearly. A little more Calhoun than otherwise, would be our choice. The course recommended by the Age, and endorsed by the American, however, is judicious, and in our judgment, very proper to be followed.

The Bangor Democrat says, "So the decision of the State Convention is to be reversed." That decision, under the circumstances, never should have been made. The delegates to that Convention, as has been repeatedly stated, had no instructions from the people; and, therefore, had no means of knowing their choice on the subject. The opinion of the masses, we have no doubt, as present indications fully show, will reverse the decision of the State Convention. Should they do so, it will merely place the question where it was in reality, before the Convention met.

FAIR PLAY IS A JEWEL.—Mr. Drew, editor of a religious paper at Augusta, has at sundry times made severe remarks on the character and standing of Hon. Hugh J. Anderson, the Democratic nominee for Governor. The American has made some comments in regard to neutral editors, and editors of religious papers, which we consider very well timed and proper.

"Our opinion about clergymen is, that in the pulpit, and while acting pastorally, they should be neutral. But looking upon them, as we do, as merely men, we know not why they are not entitled to act politically as well as clerically.—'The laying on of hands' deprives them of no right—gives them no exemption from the results of bad legislation—and secures to them no peculiar protection. They are with us, and of us; and until their ordination vows take from them the liabilities common to us all, they are bound to protect their peculiar interests at the ballot box. In revolutionary times, the preachers did as much as any other class of men for the cause of liberty. Who has ever dared to blame them for it?"

Brother Drew seems to think it possible we meant him. Not at all. For, between you and yourself, brother Drew, and strictly *sub rosa*, we think you have not been quite neutral enough. Those attacks on Mr. Anderson, before his nomination, and those frequent insinuations about bargaining, unaccompanied by the slightest proof, were rather beyond your editorial province. And that leads us to the subject of neutral editors. Papers established for a particular purpose should never depart from that purpose. Take the Banner for instance. It was established to defend Universalism, and has among its subscribers Whigs and Democrats. Now the latter class do not take it with even an implied understanding that it is to be the medium of attack upon their men and measures. They take it solely and exclusively for a religious paper. So far we think editors should remain neutral. As citizens, however, in their individual capacity, we deem it not only their right, but their duty to carry out their honest convictions at the ballot box."

FLAUNT.—This article is selling at Pittsburg, Pa., at 8¢.

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